Dear Paul, 12/28/76

Winter weather is here earlier than usual, or colder than usual for the time. Rather than get as cold in the extremities as last winter I have remained pretty much in th house, getting the leg exercise with the exercycle. It is boring so I do it to the TV, which is also boring. I find it least boring with the "news." So my days orient around the 7 a.m. hour, when I exercycle with a few breaks because the seat is so uncomfortable. It now is no problem for me to go the equivalent of 15 miles at the equivalent of 15 mph exertion. I don t do it all at once bit I figure it is enough to be good for thet legs. And by and large I've felt well.

It is getting close to that hour.

I've been going at an intensity that has not permitted me to keep carbon copies straight. Xmas day, too, because those we expected to be here could not be. Most of this was on the small part of my files I finally obtained from the State Dept. Of this political nature I have nothing from the CIA, which has supplied a few records, and I have nothing as yet from the FBI, which pretty clearly has decided to make me sue.

My initial reactions were shock, disgust and anger. It shows, I'm sure, in the first part of the long letter I have written State for inclusion in these records. In it I do pick a fight with their chief spook, and not out of anger. I'll probably be sending you carbons on the chance it will interest you.

After a little while the whole thing began to fall into place. At first I saw only the method, and it was quiet Nazism. No violence. Except to fact and decency and things like them.

Now it assumes more meaning. Not a meaning that I was some specially important person or naything like that. I was not. I did present a danger th those of evil intent, who did not regard themselves as evil, reserving that for all others. Rather do I think I was a symbol, these files a sample of what was done quietly behind the scenes to control the government. It succeeded. To succeed people like me had to be offed.

The way was the charge of disloyalty. In this, true to Orwell, loyalty became disloyalty. I was not a Communist, never had been and knew few.

In this way where policy was important policy was changed and controlled by the cpntrol of who could be or stay employed. Everyone who could have anything to do with policy toward dictatorships who was not pro-dictator was accused and fired. The strongest non-communists, too.

What do you do with one of kk whom such charges are not true? Two things: you make them appear true by selections from those interviewed and by selecting those interviewed. You eliminate all you can of the favorable and seek the unfavorable from the spook viewpoint. Where there still is nothing you emphasize the rumor and you obtain it from the undereducated, small-minded unknowing and unthinking. In one case with me a cops wife (I had two for neighbors) actually said I was subversive and an undesirable neighbor because I wrote the government for a redress of grevance and obtained it. The issues are hidden. It was because something had been constructed that was a hazard from my neighbor's children. I had none. Things like this. Charges against Lil are that she was a member of cooperatives. Literally. Of two.This made her a subversive.

With me, as you will see, they started going over my garbage more than a generation before that became known as a spook technique. However, not a word about what they found. Naturally. There was nothing to find. That I had books and lots of them is a charge, as is my typing long into the night, as though one would expect something else from a writer.

There was a mail cover. It established the most sinister career: I got In fact, George Seldes' critique of the press, and a cooperative magazine.

The vindictiveness is apparent, as is the working around realities to make the unreal the reality they wanted. I was fied with no hearing, rehired and allowed to resign when I pressed for a hearing, and except for a single lawyer's letter there is no record that I was fired, none of a major story of the era when other stories are referred to. It really

the practise of Orwell. Scant as is the proportion of the files I have received th the actualities are clear enough, particularly in the handwritten notes, which show a spook determination to fired me before any investigation was begun, continuing after a Civil Service investigation (for which I have filed a request) showed no derogatory information. That is an enormous understatement because the formed head of a war agency then in the executive office of the President said she stake her life on me. Others, in even the spook representation, said pretty much the same. I was industsrious, helpful to fellow workers, bright - all the vices. Even to my effeciency and character rating - excellent. These were no problem to the spooks, however. They avoid those who first gave these official evaluations and sneers at the later ones. (Incidently, the CIA did the same thing so it is a standard trick.)

For all of those qualities prized in an employee I had to be fired.

Being a New Dealer in the New Deal administration, when nobody except the spooks were to see the records, natrually meant subversion. So did unionism, do there was persistent inquiry into whether I was a member of the recognized public-workers union. I was but they never learned it because the FBI would not disclose to them. Even lied and said there were no files. The reason is clear: danger of having them exposed at a hearing.

Thdre are precious touches. As a correspondent I oersuaded the third largest picture magazine of the day to have a regular column so that during war-time the government could take a message of its own selection on war-time issues (as in the energy crisis today) directly to the people. Until, as the head of the Office of Government Reports told the spooks, there was a change of magazine policy. It was by Walter Anenberg, for whom I worked. How much more diloyal and anti-government could I have been? And the anti-government Anenberg, who reacted to the pressure of the pro-Nazi banks that held his paper, went on to be Nixon's great and good friend and an ambassador.

On dictatorships? Same thing. I was anti-Person, policy was anti-Peron, the spooks liked dictators, so on this support for official policy I was also a hazard. The actualities boggle the mind. I was assigned to prepare a position paper for the statement os US policy at the UN on Nazi and Falahge penetration and control in Latin America. Opposing this was official policy. The spooks' policy is that officials, especially elected officials, do not know and cannot serve the nation s real interests, so there is a virtual over-our-dead-bodies prohibition of my having those records, which seriously undermined what the policy people could do and the Ambassador could represent at and to the UN.

As I reflect on this there is an Orwellian totality in all aspects. I did only good things and did them all well. This became my curse. Before Pearl Harbor, before the Nazi attack on the USSR, I was exposing Nazis and their espionage as no agency did and their obstruction of our defense efforts. (This was memory-holed, as were the praises, from even the sainted J. Edgar and the White House.) From this work I was recruited into OSS, where my first job was to do what all the lawyers, you know, the putkas like Arthur Goldberg and the Donovan who engineered the Francis Gary Powers-Abel and the return of the Bay of Pigs prisoners deals) failed to do - after they failed. So I proved a police frame-up on some OSS men and instead of respect and admiration for this the successors to the cops did me in for it. It goes on and on this way.

To the point where I think there can be a sensitive, interesting and socially useful story in it for a Rentels or a Lewis or a Wexler. It has a quality similar to what I see in the records that could make a new Seven Days in May - not of the overt overthrown but of the much more sinister, rending the violent overthrow unnecessary. This is the doctrine of my only theoretical writing, Coup, dating to 1968. It is the actuality and it is totally unknown, unrecognized in any writing or film or drama of which I know. This is they I write, before and after the exercise, so you can know to discuss with others.

Best,

Dear Paul, 12/28/76

After writing you about story possibilities in the files on me - nothing was farthur from my mind in seeking them - I sealed the envelope and was about to take the mail out when I heard the teaser for Sterling Hayden on the Today Show. I took it in.

It was a promo for his book Voyager.

Interesting personal story, interesting character.

(Aside: my first OSS assignment was with a shop of Hollywood types. One of them stole the TOP Secret last job I did in that shop. It came out with Jimmy Cagney,OSS.)

As I was walking out and back through the snow I was thinking about Hayden and the others who were spy types and who were not hurt. They risked their lives in the sense of being killed, the end. Hayden was sent to Yugoslavia. Red. Countless others were in that area of Europe and in contact with the real reds in wWestern Europe. Some of them were actual Communists. OSS was wise that way: it recruited Communists because of what they could do.

I recall no case of real suffering by any of those who survived. I'm confident most by far did survive.

They lived or they die and that was it. And of course they are heros, some passing the hilt in living it thereafter.

I had to firht to get overseas. By a fluke I had then a very brief tour of duty when that fluke kept me out of the invasions of Sicily and Italy. Once I was back in the US and bored and frustrated by the chickenshit of it all and getting constant extra duty by trying to get my overseas furkough - which I never did get - I finally wangled as I recall it six days. I went to Washington to volunteer for OSS, as a spy, to go to Europe. I was a Nazi expert, a cartel expert and I had a considerable labor background, including in dealing with the labor bureaucrats. I was not accepted. Then I got the mumps and was hospitalized. While I was hospitalized we invaded France. (They had me in a labor batalion for a while so I knew something like it was coming.) I started insisting that I be put to a useful wartime task. I threatened the doctor in charge of my case that if he did arrange this I'd drive him crazy by pretending I was crazy so I'd get a discharge and fight the war as a wivilian. When he, worried because my back made me unfit for hard military life, did nothing I did. He saw I meant it so he arranged two things: a medical board to go over my records and for me to be sent to the personnel office of the Military District of Washington. It was when a red-headed lieutenant named Robinson saw my service record and my background that I got into OSS. It was his idea. He was offering me choices. I expressed a preference and the OSS personnel people agreed with it after interviewing me.

I see an irony in this, where the lingering cost of patriotism is with those who silently fought the silent war of the non-heroics. For those who survived I am certain we paid the greater harder price, had the greater suffering. It is still used to plague me behind my back.

Best,